

THE FLOGMASTER'S EROTIC LITERATURE LIBRARY

The FLOGMASTER Presents

Twelve of the Best

*A superlative collection of ~~twelve~~ fourteen
of the Flogmaster's best erotic spanking stories.*

**EXCLUSIVE
CONTENT**

Contains a brand new,
never-before-published
story!

VOLUME FOUR
("EDGY")

Selected Excerpts

FROM *THE EXPERIENCE*:

“Your husband is gone.”

The way he said it, it was almost like Don was gone forever, dead. Kimberly felt panicky for a moment, then relaxed. Don would never leave her if this wasn't safe. It was safe, right? She could trust this stranger?

She looked into his eyes but saw nothing recognizable. He was intelligent, determined, and arrogant, but she already knew that. There was nothing there that reassured her.

“Are you ready to be whipped?” he whispered. He said it blandly, the way one might ask “Are you ready to go to dinner?”

FROM *THE NEW HEAD*:

“Now what did I tell you the first time I caned you this year?”

Summer swallowed hard. “You... you said you'd make my canings memorable, sir.”

“And what did I mean by that?”

“That you didn't want to see me here every week. That my behavior had better improve or...”

“Or what, Miss Denny?”

“Or I'd have an awfully sore bum, sir.”

Shreaver nodded. “That's right, girl. And yet here you are for your fourth caning!” He swished the cane angrily and Summer cringed. “Prepare for a most thorough thrashing, girl, because this is going to *hurt!*”

FROM *THE OFFICE I*:

It was ecstasy. It was torture. Courtney had never felt anything quite like it. She was terrified that it wouldn't stop. But she was also afraid that it would. Oh, to be brutally beaten like this, thrashed constantly and thoroughly, day after day, week after week, year after year, chastising her more completely than she'd ever been before. To receive something you know you want but can't bring yourself to receive... yet here she was, willing allowing herself to paddled and spanked by a complete stranger!

Disclaimer

This book contains explicit material of an **adult** nature. *Read at your own risk!* Anything offensive is your own problem. The content of this book is for *entertainment purposes only*, and it does *not* necessarily represent the viewpoint of the author or the publisher. All characters are *fictional*—any resemblance to any real person is purely coincidental.

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Twelve of the Best

*A superlative collection of ~~twelve~~ fourteen
of the Flogmaster's best erotic spanking stories.*

VOLUME FOUR ("EDGY")

*This collection of the Flogmaster's best writing
contains stories of an extreme nature. These stories
can include severe corporal punishment (of adults
or minors), abuse, rape, slavery, incest, bondage
and submission, death, kidnapping, and other
politically incorrect topics.*

About the Warning Labels

The stories in this book deal with Spanking, Discipline, Punishment, S&M, BDSM, Love Slaves, and other extreme topics. Because some topics offend people, each story is labeled to warn you of its contents. If you are the sensitive type, watch the warning labels and story descriptions attached to each story. As an aid, here's an explanation of my warning system. First, here's a sample story title, warning label, and description:

Paul Bunyan and the Great Lakes

M/Ffff — ole fashion paddlin'

A strange new twist on the ole yarn about how Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox created the Great Lakes. (1,758 words. Written in 1996.)

Stories are marked with **MFmf labels** to indicate who is spanking whom. Capital letters represent *adults* and lower case are *minors* (under 18). Of course **M** refers to *Males* and **F** to *Females*. Under this system, anything to the left of the slash indicate a *Spanker* and anything to the right a *Spankee*. Therefore in the above example an adult male is spanking three girls and a woman. If there are a lot of people involved, sometimes this is abbreviated with a number, such as F6/f24, implying that 6 women spank 12 girls. Keep in mind that the label refers to the primary participants—sometimes, especially in longer stories—*there may be minor spankings of a different type included*.

Stories may also contain other warnings and explanations. These are usually self-explanatory words like “sex” or “punishment spanking.” You may also see references to **cons**, **non-cons**, or **n/c**. Those abbreviations refer to *consensual* and *non-consensual* spankings. (Punishment spankings, especially those of children, are usually n/c though this isn't always indicated for children stories.)

I keep story descriptions brief and try not to include any “spoilers” that would ruin the plot for you. The description should intrigue if you are interested in the subject matter, and warn you away if you are not. As always, read at your own risk.

Contents

A Caning for Breakfast **11**

M/f — nc severe schoolgirl caning

Ouch. A girl learns to obey her father as she earns a dose of discipline for breakfast. (1,210 words. Written in 2003.)

Cousin Elly **15**

M/Fm — severe schoolboy cropping

A boy is thrashed by mistake, but his pretty female cousin is willing to make it up to him. (2,140 words. Written in 2003.)

Dusting Off **22**

M/F — implied schoolgirl caning

A retired headmaster reflects on canings past and present. (4,982 words. Written in 2004.)

The Experience **35**

M/F — severe strapping, bondage

A woman experiences the ultimate in corporal punishment. (5,516 words. Written in 2004.)

The First Day **49**

f/f — nc schoolgirl paddling, caning

A confused girl has an eventful first day at her new school. (3,844 words. Written in 1998.)

Mother and Daughter **60**

MFf/MFf — severe everything!

An extremely severe evening of sex and s/m between several individuals. Not for the squeamish. (7,483 words. Written in 1996.)

The New Head **78**

M/f — schoolgirl caning

A teenage girl gets another severe caning from the new headmaster. (1,939 words. Written in 1999.)

The Office I **83**

M/F — n/c discipline, sex

A young businesswoman learns that the price of high finance can be quite an emotional experience. (6,106 words. Written in 1996.)

The Old Boys Club **98**

MM/F — bj, semi-con paddling

A man is given an offer he can't refuse. (2,125 words. Written in 1999.)

The Outing **105**

M/F — cons severe whipping, sex

A sailboat trip promises lots of discipline and sex for a couple. (2,075 words. Written in 2004.)

The Right Answer

III

M/f — nc schoolgirl

A girl discovers the costs of an incorrect answer at her new school. (4,390 words. Written in 1999.)

The Swimsuit

I23

M/f — nc hairbrush, nudity

A father turns the tables on his mischievous daughter. (2,360 words. Written in 1998.)

The Cardinal Rule

I30

MF/f — nc spanking, paddling, caning

A girl receives a series of serious punishments for misbehavior. (5,167 words. Written in 2005.)

The Difference Between Student and Teacher

I43

F/fff — nc caning

A teacher learns about life on both sides of the rod. (5,905 words. Written in 2006.)

A Caning for Breakfast

M/f — nc severe schoolgirl caning

Ouch. A girl learns to obey her father as she earns a dose of discipline for breakfast. (1,210 words. Written in 2003.)

IT WAS ONE of those days for Lindsey. She'd been up late the night before, writing an essay on Sir Francis Bacon she'd stupidly put off until the day before it was due, and as a result she overslept and awoke grumpy with a throbbing headache. When she reread the essay she'd finally finished at two a.m., her heart sank: it was complete crap and Mr. Chelitz would surely reject it, and no doubt he'd eagerly award her a few strokes for poor workmanship.

Lindsey's mother called "Breakfast!" from downstairs, and so Lindsey dashed for the bathroom. The quick shower was shocking, for her siblings had used up all the hot water, and for some reason her hair wouldn't obey her hairbrush, lying in a lifeless tangle that looked hideous. Laundry hadn't been done and of course the only towel left was a small hand towel. Wet and cold, Lindsey trotted down the hallway to her room with only the tiny cloth covering her crotch, blushing furiously when she passed David, her little brother, who giggled at her jiggling bare ass.

In her room she suddenly realized in her worry over the essay she'd forgotten to put her uniform in the wash the previous afternoon. At lunch yesterday she'd stained the skirt with tomato sauce, and with her other skirts in the laundry, there was nothing to do but wear something else and take the three stroke penalty. It didn't make that much difference anyway: if she wore the stained skirt she'd be caned for slovenly appearance.

She chose a pair of tight denim jeans—she might as well look sexy if she couldn't wear her uniform.

Lindsey heard the clink of silverware against plate and gasped in horror. Surely she wasn't that tardy! She leaped down the stairs three at a time and skidded to a halt in the dining room. The whole family was already seated and eating, and Lindsey's heart sank.

Her father raised a dark eyebrow and said, “Glad you could deign to join us, Lindsey.” After an ominous pause, he said, “Let’s take care of matters *before* breakfast, shall we? I’ll meet you in the den in one minute.”

“Yes sir,” said Lindsey weakly. She gulped and headed for the den, her buttocks already tingling with anticipation.

In the den, she stood and stared at the rack of horrible canes on the wall, wondering which her father would use. Missing breakfast couldn’t be that bad, could it? Sure, she was too old for the junior cane for serious offenses, but perhaps he wouldn’t see this as that significant. Six with the junior wouldn’t be that bad. Her bottom itched as she thought of how much the longer, heavier “governess” rod hurt.

Suddenly the door opened and her father entered. He was a very tall man, healthy and strong, and though Lindsey loved him dearly, he was awfully strict. He went straight for the senior cane, taking it down and flexing it.

Stupidly, Lindsey ignored his black expression and decided to beg. “Oh Daddy, I was just a couple minutes late. Couldn’t you use the junior cane this once?”

Her father’s stern glare was her answer, but she didn’t stop. “Six with the junior’s plenty—I’ve learned my lesson, honest.”

“Be quiet and get in position,” said her father. “You’re getting six of the best.”

Lindsey’s mouth fell open in dismay at this news, but she was too far in to stop now. “Not with the senior cane, father, please!”

“Stop arguing, child. My breakfast is getting cold!”

“Please, Daddy, I’m to be thrashed at school as I don’t have a clean uniform to wear.”

“And why is that my problem?” growled the big man. “Come on: it’s a dozen now. Get in position and take your medicine.”

A dozen! Lindsey’s eyes brimmed with tears but her heart steeled against this news and she stubbornly refused to give in. “A dozen with the junior cane, yes,” she purred smoothly. “Let me get it for you.”

A strong hand grabbed her outstretched wrist, twisting her painfully toward the mahogany desk. “Enough! One more word and it shall be eighteen! Now get your pants down and stay in position.”

Miserable and full of despair, Lindsey still didn't want to believe in this reality. "Oh please, Daddy, let me keep my pants on."

"Eighteen then," said the man coldly, and Lindsey shuddered. She bent over the desk, her buttocks exposed for the cane, but made no move to take down her jeans.

"Fine then," said her father. "Keep your jeans on and I'll make it two dozen."

Lindsey shrieked in horror. "No! Please, I'll take them down."

She made to unbutton the jeans, but her father said, "It's twenty-four either way," and so she stopped, resigned to a severe thrashing.

The strokes came then, hard and fast, and Lindsey writhed in misery but obediently (and wisely) kept her position. The stinging strokes flooded her buttocks with pain, at first slightly muted due to the protection of the jeans, but as the thrashing continued, the pain became more and more unbearable.

She survived the first dozen, but the second proved more difficult, the rod crossing the weals from previous strokes. She felt the familiar tramlines swelling, the tightness of her denim jeans making the impression more pronounced than usual.

After the eighteenth stroke, her father paused for a breather, and though glad for respite, the wait for more was torture. Eventually the final six were delivered, harder than the rest, and a dizzy Lindsey was allowed to rise.

Her buttocks throbbed miserably and walking felt stiff, but there was a calmness to her now that hadn't been there before. The thrashing had washed away all her stubbornness and rebellion, and in its place was a meek, subdued young lady.

"No breakfast for you," said her father. "You will stand in the corner while the rest of us finish."

"Yes sir."

"And I think you and I shall talk this evening about your uniform situation."

Lindsey's heart thudded loudly at this: her father usually did his talking with the cane. "Yes sir," she said again. The reminder she had further thrashings at school today depressed her, but the news of more discipline at home in the evening didn't surprise her, considering how this day was going.

She stood in the corner, listening to the family eat their breakfast, and tried not to think of how her buttocks throbbed. She was eager to escape to school, but dreaded the thought of the headmistress' cane. She usually didn't mind school thrashings that much: they usually weren't that severe, just three or four strokes (almost pleasant compared to what she'd just received), but after being caned for breakfast, even a single light stroke would be agonizing.

There was nothing quite like the feeling of attending school with a freshly whacked bottom. It made that part of the anatomy seem incredibly obvious, as though everyone could see the glowing tramlines. Though uncomfortable, it was rather sexy as well. Of course Lindsey much preferred going to school with just a handful of mild weals, not twenty-four juicy, overlapping welts. Indeed, this was going to make her day most interesting.



The FLOGMASTER'S

Twelve of the Best 4

For over a decade the Flogmaster has been one of the Internet's most prolific and talented writers of erotic spanking literature. Now, for the first time, his work is available in print.

In this fourth volume of the Flogmaster's best stories, he takes you to the edge and beyond with a wide variety of stories. Explore classic schoolgirl caning in ***A Caning for Breakfast, Dusting Off, The First Day, The Right Answer, The New Head, The Cardinal Rule,**** and ***The Difference Between Student and Teacher***. There's rare (for the Flogmaster) male punishment in ***Cousin Elly*** (don't worry, the girl also gets hers) and the hairbrushing of a young girl in ***The Swimsuit***. For more adult tastes, there's the businesswoman who gets more than she bargained for in ***The Office I***, the male fantasy of ***The Old Boys Club***, or a couple's games in ***The Outing***. Bondage fans will love the severity of ***The Experience***, about a woman's quest for the ultimate punishment. And then there's ***Mother and Daughter***, probably the most extreme story the Flogmaster has ever written.

* New, never-before-published story *exclusive* to this volume.